

Father, how many times I have thought of you! I said in my heart 'He prays for me, he guides me in my journey; he will cause that I go not astray.' I very often prayed to him who has made all; I used my fingers, to say my rosary. I thought incessantly of those who believe and who pray; it seemed to me that I saw *Chaouerindamaguetch*,"—this is the name which the Savages have given to Mademoiselle d'Aillebourts,—“praying to God for me in the chapel. At last, here I am, among my kindred.” Joy having succeeded the tears which she shed abundantly at first, she embraced those Damoiselles with more affection than she had shown her nearest relatives. In conclusion, she confessed and received communion, with great tenderness.

Five days after her arrival, a canoe appeared which brought a young woman of the *poisson blanc* nation. This good Captive, having accosted her, told her the [35] miseries that she had endured in her captivity. “But all that I have suffered,” she said to her, “is nothing in comparison with what thou wilt suffer in Hell if thou art not a Christian.” “I am such,” she answered; “but I have a Pagan husband, who has another wife besides me, and who extremely hates prayer; I would like to leave him.” “Thou doest well,” she tells her, “for thy husband will make thee leave the Faith. If thou knewest its value, thou wouldst prefer it to everything else. This life is not worth regarding; the one which we expect is very long. The Faith is an admirable thing; it gathers up the nations, and of many it makes only one. It is the Faith which makes the French my kinsmen; they have received me and they treat me as their kinswoman. It is the Faith which